



# The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE,  
S. L. BOARDMAN, Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

## Agricultural Fairs—1868.

[We publish below a list of those Agricultural Societies which hold exhibitions this fall, with the time and place, so far as they have come to our knowledge. The list will be kept standing, and we hope the Secretaries of Societies not mentioned below will forward us the necessary information, including name of the person who is to deliver the annual address, that our list may be corrected as early as possible, so as to include all the Fairs to be held this season.]

STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, at Portland, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, September 26th, 27th and Oct. 1st and 2d. Address by His Excellency JAMES L. CHAMBERLAIN.

OXFORD, at South Paris, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Oct. 1st and 2d.

WEYBROOK, at Fryeburg, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th.

WALDO, at Belfast, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th.

KENNEBEC, at Readfield, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23d and 24th. Address by Rev. PARKER JAMES of Winthrop.

## Where is our Hope?

Our article on the Industrial College in No. 87 of the present volume of the *Farmer*, has called forth the opinion of several gentlemen who are our own friends as well as friends of the institution, upon some of the points presented in the article to which allusion has been made.

One of these gentlemen writing under date of 21st August, after speaking of the article in general terms, remarks with much moderation: "I thought you made on the whole just about a fair and candid statement of the case."

Another gives expression to the following: "I have no doubt you intended to take an impartial view of the situation," and then goes on to correct slight errors—such as "west" for "east," &c.—show that certain statements "were wholly forsoothed," and assure us that "men and all others have got to learn something or other that the best part of Maine for agriculture is east of the Kennebec"—that we shall be a long time in learning. Another admits that our article was fair and honest, but he "says some things had not been left out, unless they serve as a warning to the Trustees in the future."

Still another is terribly disengaged and asks with evident signs of panic, "Where is our hope?" These letters we presume were not written for publication, and it may not be exactly fair to quote from them to the extent we have without giving the connecting passages; but they serve our purpose—that of showing the diversity of feeling among those most interested in the matter.

A public journal is nothing unless it is truthful and independent; and so far as the management of the *Farmer* is concerned we have always endeavored to state facts as they are, and express our convictions regarding those facts with honesty, caution and independence. We have nothing to do with the eyes by which our readers are expected, and we are responsible for those expressions. If things are as they are, why endeavor to state them differently, deceiving ourselves and all who may also be deceived thereby? In our visit to the institution we went determined to see fairly and judge honestly, and we did so. That this expression would not meet the approval of many of our readers we expected, and we should certainly have been very much disappointed had not these same gentlemen written to us very much as they have—"But," says one of them, "where is our hope from this Institution?" We answer there never was more hope for it, and from it than is to-day. There is hope in the first place that its management will soon be free from local influences, and local influences have in this particular instance, we believe, been a great source of its ill success. Freed from this, and placed in the hands of men who have broader views and an interest that embraces every section of the State alike, the institution will at once receive the sympathy and support of every honest citizen in Maine. There is hope too,—never so much hope as now—that men who have heretofore stood aloof from its controllers will at last desire to see connected with the institution in some capacity, may be induced to lend it the strength and support of their strong names and great influence. There is more hope now than ever, that the location of the college will not be changed as has been intimated, and the sooner the people of the State get over this idea the better it will be for them and for the institution. It cannot and will not be changed, and where it is can be made all it could be made east of the Kennebec—a section that was destined to see it. There is hope—never so much of it as now—that the State will assume the responsibility of providing suitable buildings, for the college, so that whatever funds or donations it may receive go towards its scientific and literary equipments. There is also hope that before the school is opened a President and a Professor of Chemistry will have been appointed, and their services secured. These are all full of promise and encouragement,—and we feel certain whenever the college shall have attained a success equal to that which the State Agricultural College in Michigan now enjoys, as it certainly will, all its friends will look back to these "unsealed for statements" of ours, and these expressions they are "sorry for," as in reality having done a great deal for the success and good of the institution. All institutions of similar character in our own country have had these trials and difficulties to start with, but they have mastered and triumphed over them, as this industrial college of ours is sure to do. That it will do, and that a course of untold usefulness awaits us we have no fear, nor have we ever had the shadow of a doubt. All things are working for this end, among them the influence of the *Maine Farmer*, which some timid minds seem to fear is being exerted in an opposite direction. All our interests center at the same place, and the "variance" other men see is to us only another way of reaching the same point, and which will be reached as soon as by us by our neighbors.

## The Plum in Maine.

We learn from different sections of the State, that the past winter or spring so severely injured the plum trees, that in many cases the trees were completely destroyed, while in others, they were so badly injured that it was impossible to get scions from them for the purpose of grafting. These reports are so universal, that a contrary one—one which reports a success in this fruit—is a rare occurrence. But a correspondent informs us that Charles Osborne, of the North Yarmouth Manufacturing Company—who is one of the most successful plum-growers in Maine—had succeeded with his trees the past winter. He has, we believe, about forty sorts in cultivation, and we learn they have withstood the severe winters well, excepting a few that stood on a clayey soil that had not been undrained. His experience and management of this most delicious fruit would be of great value to our readers, and we hope to have a statement from him or publication.

## The Autumnal Fairs.

### Notes from Our Copy Drawer.

**Milk to a Pound of Cheese.** The remark was made by a careful and shrewd farmer, with whom we had a recent conversation, that if he could sell the milk of his cows for three cents per quart, it would be better for him to do it than it would make to let it go. He keeps four cows, and they now average five quarts each to a milking, or forty quarts per day. The milk of two days makes a cheese that weighs, when cured sufficiently for market, fifteen pounds, showing that it takes five and one-third quarts of milk to produce a pound of cheese. The cheese sells for fifteen cents per pound, or \$2.25 for the milk of two days converted into cheese, while at three cents per quart it would bring \$2.40. We think many farmers who apprehend they are making money fast out of their cows, will be not a little surprised at these figures.

**FULL BARBS.** One day last week we rode past the residence of one of the farmers in this county, whose four barns were so full of hay and grain that no more could be got in, and it was necessary for him to haul his wheat (of which he had six acres, the growth being heavy and the grain well filled) to the barn and have it threshed out, as there was not room in the barns for it in bulk. A threshing machine was in operation as we passed, and carts were hauling from the wheat field to the threshing floor. While such instances are somewhat rare, all the barns we examined in a large section of country were crowded full, and the hay and grain crops are unusually large.

**COUN POWERS FOR HORSES.** One of our subscribers, whom we recently visited, was giving one of his horses for a colt a remedy, the receipt of which he had found many years ago in the columns of our paper. This receipt had proved the efficacy in many instances, and at his suggestion we again give it for the common good: Take one ounce of indigo, pulverize it and divide into eight parts. To each part add one spoonful of sal-soda, and one of roses. Give one powder a day in shorts or oats.

**THE CATTLE DISEASE.** The cattle disease at the west assumes no new phase, and is being better controlled. The *Prairie Farmer* thinks the disease at the east is wholly different from that troubling the Texan cattle, or it becomes very much aggravated in character by the fatigues of the journey during the hot weather. Throughout the west, active measures have been taken to prevent the further spread of the disease, and it is expected its ravages will soon stop.

**THE STATE FAIR.** The State Fair promises to be one of unusual interest at the present year. The gathering will be very large, and we doubt not the display in the different departments will be a fine one. Do not fail to attend, if in your power to do so. Many new ideas will be gained that will be of future use on the farm.

## Muck as an Absorbent.

**MUCK AS AN ABSORBENT.** When dry, it is a powerful absorber. Not within the farmer's reach is so good for that purpose. It not only absorbs liquid substances, but retains whatever is valuable with great tenacity. Neither sand, nor lime, nor plaster, nor clay nor sawdust, are so good for this purpose as muck. It will absorb ammonia from all liquids that generate it.

**LARGE PRESERVED APPLES.** A Black Oxford apple, grown in 1867, by Mr. Charlie N. Goodwin, of Rome in this county, eaten Aug. 25th, 1868, had a flavor almost as vivid and crisp, while its flesh was quite as firm, as it eaten last winter.

**THE MINERAL SUBSTANCES LEFT AT OUR OFFICE.** Horseshoe crimson, of this town, and found below a mud bed a foot and a half from the surface, possesses but slight qualities as a polishing agent, but would doubtless make a good fertilizer for top dressing.

**LARGE GROWTH OF A SCHOOL.** S. N. Taber of Vassalboro', writes as follows: "Among the grafts I inserted last spring was a Nodehead, that is now bearing seven apples, with twice the amount of barnyard manure, is excellent for corn. A man who has a good muck bed easy of access, and a good barn cellar or a wet barnyard, has the means at command of making a good farm. Industry and perseverance will make for him a big measure heap if he attends to it at the proper time."

**THE RESULTS OF GRAFTING.** In a private note our correspondent "T." writes: "What is the result of that *dry grafting*?" I think it is the result of that *dry grafting*?" I think it is the result of that *dry grafting*?" I think it is the result of that *dry grafting*?"

"In response we will say briefly that out of two hundred and eighty-one recons set, one hundred and thirty-one have lived and made a vigorous growth. Of the number that did not come twenty-two were in series in a tree that died, we have no doubt in consequence of being too closely pruned and too severely cut for the purpose of grafting. So far as the clay for the purpose of protecting the stock is concerned, we are much pleased with it, from our limited experience. The clay does not crack open and if put on sufficiently thick—it should be at least half an inch in thickness over the end and sides of the stock—the rain instead of washing off will soften and consolidate it. We believe the failure of many of our scions to take the imperfect manner the clay was applied to the stock is due to the fact that the clay did not adhere well to the stock, and to the fact that the clay did not penetrate the stock well enough to allow the scion to take hold.

"The results of grafting in the nursery are excellent. I have had a good many scions taken from the trees which have been grafted, and have had them dried and stored, and compare the crops with those for five years past, we shall now find a lack of former vigor and vitality.

"Our forests are in many instances degenerating. Orchardists are now learning that it is poor policy to graft a tree and then let it alone, and that the best way to fruit trees is to thin them out, and then let them bear fruit.

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN

# AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

## Poetry.

### ONCE ONLY.

Fall leaves are like her hair,  
Good girls she hath for all,  
Those who fall  
But to be lied again.  
All our paths are set,  
Dry leaves of regret;  
Yet flowers spring up again;  
And when it comes, we go.  
Will never come again.  
Not same, and not sun;  
Not like, but only same;  
All have come before me;  
Not come to us once.  
She is the woman I want,  
Yet who that loves should know  
Where all things come and go?  
Fall quickly falls the rose,  
It will not grow again,  
And never comes again.  
How soft to shide them,  
Not rains to fountains dried,  
Not leaves to blossoms dead;  
But one thing goes, shall  
That never comes again.  
Time can all print reverse,  
Turns bitterness to love,  
Bring gain from losses lost,  
But when it comes, we go.  
It will never come again.  
—Harper's Monthly for September.

## Our Story-Teller.

### WIDOW COBB'S FIRST LOVE.

The fire crackled cheerfully on the broad hearth of the old house, and a drowsy yellow dog lay full in the reflection of the yellow blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly, as he turned his hind feet where his front feet had been. Over the chimney hung several fine ham and pieces of dried beef. Apples were being cooked on the ceiling; a cocked-up squeak was vied with cracked peper and slices of dried pumpkin, in garnishing the window frame. There were plants, too, on the window ledge—horse shoe geraniums and dew plants, and a monthly rose, just budding, to mark nothing of pots of violets that were found in the little places where they grew. In one of the chairs, a man—old, long-headed, and portly, about four-and-fifteen, with cheeks as red as the apples and eyes dark and bright as they had ever been, resting his elbow on the table and her head upon her hand, and looked thoughtfully into the fire. This was the widow Cobb's "relief" of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had died in 1850, leaving the widow churched for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, probably all her work being done, and the servant gone to bed—the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the room, and the silence of the room made her a little lonely.

"Seven years!" so the widow's reverie ran, "It seems as if it were more than fifty—and yet I don't look so very old either. Perhaps it's not having any children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may not be like children, but they're still a plague that's there, that's a plague. Look at my sister Jessie, with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I'm sure they have done it, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to eat it.

"How dreadful! Mrs. Cobb used to be of these grafts. Her never will eat any more, of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he's gone to. Heigho! I remember very well how I used to throw apple parings over my head when I was a girl."

Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed. In those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and was always looking eagerly to see if the peal had formed a capital S. Her meditations took a new turn.

"How happy Sam Payson was, and how much I used to care about him. John Cobb, he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has heard of him since. And what a silly thing that was! It had it not been for that?"

The paring hung gracefully from her hand.

"I still I should like to try; it would seem like old times again."

Over her head it went and curled up quickly on the floor at a little distance. Old Cobb, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall and marched deliberately up to meet it.

"Stop! Don't touch it!" cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating heart she turned as red as fire. There was as handsome a capital S as could be seen to the eye.

A loud knock came suddenly at the door. The dog growled, and the widow screamed and snatched up the paring.

"It's Mr. Cobb; it's his spirit come back again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself.

Another knock, louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Hullo! Is the house?"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the dead Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hill-side.

"A stranger," said the voice.

"To lodge here for the night."

The widow deliberated.

"Can't you go on? There's a house half a mile further on, if you keep to the right hand side of the road, and turn to the left after you get by—"

"I'll go on, but I'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing. "I'm wet to the skin. Don't you think you can accommodate me? I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Rainy, is it? I don't know that," and the kind-hearted widow unbolted the door very quickly. "Come in, do come in. I'm the only person who can go to bed with me. I'm a lone woman, with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little snow off his coat over the floor and his nicely swept floor.

"Ah, that looks comfortable, after a man has been out for hours in a storm," said he as he caught sight of the fire, and striding along toward the hearth, followed by Cobb, who sniffed suspiciously at his host, and then him, and then the arm-chair of Levi Cobb's arm-chair, which had been "sacred to his memory for seven years." The widow was horrified, but her guest was so weary and worn out that she could not ask him to move, but busied herself in stirring up the blaze, that he might the sooner dry his clothes. Mr. Cobb had worn a comfortable dressing gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at her right. She could not let this poor man catch his death by sitting in that wet coat. If he was in Mr. Cobb's chair, why should he not be in Mr. Cobb's wrapping? She was nimble in the closet, took it down, snatched out a pair of slippers from the boot rack below, and brought them to him.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever, or some thing worse, if you sit in them. There are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry, too. I will go in to the pantry and get you something to eat."

She bustled away, "on hopeful thoughts intent;" and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but hand-some face, but he had not the look of a man who had been looking anything but delicate, though his blue eyes glowed out from under a forehead as white as snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischievous air, stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct domestic slippers.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes, with a vengeance! And what a hearty, good-humored looking woman she is! kind as a kitten;" and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then the dog, and then the bird on the head. The widow, bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attentions to her dumb friends.

"It's a wonder Cobb does not growl. He generally does when strangers touch him. Dear me how stupid!"

The last remark was addressed neither to the stranger nor to the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty, and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh, I'll manage that," said his guest, gathering up paper, chalk, aprons and spectacles, (it was not until this part of the house that he had come,) for they had been the deacons, and were placed each night, like the armchair, beside her, and deposited them on the settle. "Give me the table-cloth, ma'am—I've learned that, alone, who's a score of other things, in my wandering. Now we have got you a chair to sit on, for the heavy for those hands—the widow blushed—and now please sit down with me, or I cannot eat a morsel."

"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Cobb, drawing her chair near the table.

"I want to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her 'Marie—what makes you start so?"

as they do in war. Let me give you a piece of this—your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes; my poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say that I understood curing him and doctoring him, and that he was a most sensible man, I am sure. I will drink your health, madam, in this cider."

He took a long draught and sat down glass.

"It is like nectar."

The widow did not answer. She freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it. By-and-by she lifted up again. He was waiting patiently.

"Well, tell her."

He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back and leaning on the mantelpiece, stroked the yellow hair of Cobb with his fingers.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"Is there anything more I can get for you, sir?" he asked in a slow tone.

"Nothing, thank you; I have finished."

She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer knock of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and other fruits, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco from an arched recess near the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper unless he smoked," she said. "I leave you to imagine the tableau. Even the cat got up to look, and sat on this stamp of a tail, and the bird, too."

"Not to speak of quite people like you and me, dear reader, who have got over all these follies, and can no longer turn up our noses at them; there are no such people left in the world."

The stranger caught her out of her chair, as if she had been a small child, and kissed her.

"Don't—don't!" she cried out. "I am Sam's Minnie."

"Well, I am Maria's Sam!"

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers; then smiled the dear face she had not forgotten. I leave you to imagine the tableau. Even the cat got up to look, and sat on this stamp of a tail, and the bird, too."

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She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer knock of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and other fruits, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco from an arched recess near the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper unless he smoked," she said. "I leave you to imagine the tableau. Even the cat got up to look, and sat on this stamp of a tail, and the bird, too."

"Not to speak of quite people like you and me, dear reader, who have got over all these follies, and can no longer turn up our noses at them; there are no such people left in the world."

The stranger caught her out of her chair, as if she had been a small child, and kissed her.

"Don't—don't!" she cried out. "I am Sam's Minnie."

"Well, I am Maria's Sam!"

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers; then smiled the dear face she had not forgotten. I leave you to imagine the tableau. Even the cat got up to look, and sat on this stamp of a tail, and the bird, too."

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